

Vol. 3 - 1915

THE



ARCHON

JANUARY, 1915

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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 3, New Series

JANUARY, 1915.

No. 2



A BOY WITH A BACK-BONE

Halstead was a fellow whom we couldn't quite call handsome but he was attractive. His surname was Clifton, shortened to Cliff by his close friends, but he was called Hal on the athletic field. Yes, he was an athlete, not one of the kind that shows it by the shoulders or a certain athletic swagger, but his powers were used when needed, whether to saw wood, to take a long tramp, or to play football. But more important than his athletic ability was his character—a character which any boy might well be proud of. One especially notable trait was his ability to make friends and to retain their confidence.

Cliff belonged to a family of about medium circumstances, perhaps a little better off than most of his friends. He was starting his Senior year at high school when a sudden blow struck his family—the untimely death of his father, just at the time when business affairs were rather unsettled and somewhat tangled up. However, his father left enough life insurance to care for his mother and sister, provided that the household expenses could be cut down.

Cliff immediately began to open his eyes for a position. Through the

aid of a close friend, Phil Stone, who attended a preparatory school in the same state but several tens of miles away, Hal heard of a position open to a good scholar who was willing to do some work about the school. He talked it over with his mother and succeeded after much persuasion, in obtaining her willingness to allow him to try it.

Halstead left home sorrowful for his mother and sister, but happy about his prospects of prep. school life. Phil met him at the station and took him to school and left him to receive instructions from Al Brown, the head-master. Cliff wasn't at all pleased with his first impressions of "Al", as the fellows called him, but thought several times of his mother and sister at home, and, as long as he had decided he wanted more education, he would try his best to make good. Mr. Brown gave Cliff instructions, and after Cliff had found his way to the dormitory without noticing the surroundings, he exclaimed to himself in an earnest tone, "Believe me, I'm going to gain that head master's confidence, because I think I'm going to like him mighty well."

He met Stone down stairs as he was on his way to supper, and joined

him, along with a few other fellows. Stone introduced him to several fraternity brothers and a few football men, among them, Frank Noyes, the captain of the team. "Chub", as the captain was popularly known, engaged Cliff in a conversation.

"You look as if you could play football; at least you have the build."

"Well, I like the game, but I've never had much chance to play, as the people in our city prohibited football in the public schools," replied Halstead in a pleasant tone, but rather pessimistically.

"You be out tomorrow in togs at 3.15 sharp and we'll see what we can do with you," grumbled the captain upon finding that Halstead would be an inexperienced player.

Hal made the best of his appearance at supper with the other fellows, as thereafter he was to wait on table besides being a general help to the head-master about his office. After supper he met his roommate, a rather small, happy-go-lucky youth. The two talked, while Halstead unpacked his trunk and tried as much as he could to make the room home-like, advised at times by his roommate. An introduction to his chum wasn't necessary, but Cliff felt better by going up to him and telling him that his name was Halstead.

"That's a good name; now mine is Frank Jones, not the beer man, but I'm commonly known as Pretzel. Say bo, I'll call you at 6.30 every morning till you get used to getting up early, because I wait on the table, too."

Cliff wasn't exactly enthusiastic over his roommate, but saw that he would like him after he got used to Pretzel's traits.

The next day Hal found it a pretty hard program to go through every day, but he focused his mind on one point—that of graduating with honors. Not only this first day, but in fact

most of the year, went hard. He went out for football but seemed mostly to be a dummy for someone else to knock about. But finally, by persistent and hard work, he earned a position at half-back for the few remaining games. He was constantly getting blamed for somebody else's deeds. Some fellow fooled with the time clock and put it out of commission and Halstead was seen coming out of the building, so he was the recipient of eight black marks—ten needed for suspension. He had already received three for being caught after several rough-houses which had occurred in his room and unfortunately had been blamed on him when he had appeared to straighten up the room.

His case was to come up before the faculty Thursday night for suspension. He thought of his mother, his own troubles and his desires for a good education, but while he was thinking of these things so were several other of his friends—his true friends, for he had made many and had kept them through his ups and downs. The night came for the faculty meeting, and he had made plans in his mind for going. While deeply absorbed in his troubles he heard a heavy thump and was about to open the door when several fellows came in and told him that they had settled up all the trouble about the clock. Clifton stood amazed, but when he realized what it meant he said, "Fellows, I hardly know how to thank you for this kindness by which you got me out of this trouble, for it meant a good deal to me. It astounded me so that I hardly know what you said or what to say, but I want to thank you as my fraternity brothers and I realize now what it means to be a Brother. Good-night, fellows."

Perhaps it wouldn't be out of place to say that Halstead on the next evening received his football letter,

a most coveted present, of which he was equally proud. He was everybody's friend and became a leader of his class at their election before the Christmas recess, but he attained what he was after more than any one thing—scholarship honors. A wonderful surprise came to him in the latter part of May in the form of a telegram. It read, "Dear Clifton—Business affairs straightened out—worth several hundred thousand now—make plans for college if not too late—will meet you in Philadelphia when possible—Mother."

Clifton gave up his position of waiter at school only upon advice from his firm friend, Mr. Brown, the head-master. He found that he could easily enter college the next fall, and there wasn't a happier boy to be found at commencement. Clifton told his friend Phil Stone on their way home, "I have one great regret and that is—it is a shame that I couldn't have received the experience without losing my father."

A. C. H. '15.

TWO WEEKS AT LAKE SUNAPEE

On the fifth of last July I was invited by a school chum to spend two weeks at his camp in Newbury, New Hampshire. Newbury is on the lower end of Lake Sunapee, and is a very quiet and peaceful town, containing a garage, a church, a post-office and general store combined, and about a dozen houses. The station was a small building which held about ten people beside the station agent.

Our camp was situated on the summit of a small-sized mountain. The people about there called it a hill, but I am sure it was a great deal higher than any hill around here. It certainly seemed miles when we were carrying suit cases up to the

camp, anyway. We arrived about four o'clock and were comfortably settled by five. One thing I can say about Newbury is that there is plenty of fresh air and a good healthy climate. I didn't discover any mosquitoes while staying there, either, or at least they didn't discover me.

About eight in the evening, my chum suggested going down to meet the evening train, which, by the way, is the chief amusement. They have six trains a day and four of them are mail trains. Four mails a day for a town that is not even as large as Byfield! What loyal Son of Dummer would object to four mails a day? And I, for one, realize that when you're a long way from home a letter is a cheerful proposition and always welcome.

About eleven o'clock we turned in and slept soundly until seven the next morning. We arose feeling a great deal refreshed after the long train ride of the day before. We were then all ready for any excitement that Newbury could afford us. The first four or five days were spent in repairing the motorboat, which leaked very badly, after a winter of rest. We also met every train and made ourselves agreeable to our friends. There were seven boys and three girls in the town. We played games like children four or five years old. The latest games hadn't arrived in Newbury as yet.

On Sunday of our first week there we put our boat in water for the first time and took a ride up the lake as far as Sunapee Harbor. It was a relief after the warm day on land. My friend had a habit of sitting in the back seat with a friend of his and leaving me as pilot. I did not mind this the least bit; I surely was enjoying myself anyway. We took many trips in the boat and took in many dances and parties during the last week of my stay.

My friend's mother persuaded me

to stay over until the following Wednesday, which I soon obtained permission to do. Sunday morning, which was very hot and uncomfortable, my chum and I left for a trip to the summit of Mt. Sunapee. One-quarter of the way up we stopped at the lookout to look at the view which was very beautiful, the mountains and the lake making a very pretty scene. After about an hour's climb, we reached the summit, where there is a lake. This was something I had never seen, and I don't believe ever heard of before. A lake on top of a mountain! We were to stay there over night, but the mosquitoes were so thick we decided to go to the North Peak. Again we climbed northward for an hour. It was nearly six when we arrived there, and we watched the sunset, which we could see until nearly nine. The lights began to twinkle and it was a delightful scene, because it was all new to me and a great novelty. About half past nine we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and went to sleep. About eleven I awoke and my hands were so cold I could hardly move my fingers. I woke my chum and we built a fire and took turns, regular night watches, to keep the fire going. We arose at five and had breakfast. It was very cold, but the sun was shining brightly. We soon started our descent. I would rather climb a mountain twice than come down once. As we came lower and lower we could feel it get warmer and warmer. We arrived home at one o'clock and both of us ready for a good dinner. After dinner we went to play baseball in a neighboring village. We played against a team made up of Colby Academy students, all of whom had their letters for baseball. After a hard game and losing, as I thought, many pounds from perspiration, we left for home. We went in a large wagon and even though we had been beaten 6 to 5

we were all very cheerful. The next day was spent in loafing around in the motorboat, and around the store. In the evening we went to Van Harbor where there is a large Casino. They were having a Wild West show there, and a dance afterward. We both spent a very enjoyable evening, going both ways in my friend's motorboat. It was a very beautiful ride coming home, the moon on the water made a wonderful scene. The next day I left Newbury at eight o'clock, after one of the best vacations I had had for a long time. I was very sorry to leave, but as I had received another invitation for this summer I was hoping to renew old acquaintances and have an enjoyable time elsewhere. A. S. B. '18.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

"Ten years at hard labor," said the judge to Phil Swain, who was up on a charge of robbing the National bank in a small town in one of the middle states.

Phil was a medium-sized, quiet fellow with nothing about him which would make you pick him out in a crowd. Just an ordinary fellow.

When he heard the sentence pronounced on him, he thought back to the time when he had first become acquainted with "the gang."

His parents had died while Phil was just a boy, and so he had been obliged to make his living by selling papers. At first he had lived in the streets, but later had become acquainted with a man who had taken him in with several of his friends. It cost the boys as much as they made to live.

The old man, after awhile, demanded more money for their keep, and when the boys said that they could not pay it, he said that he would show them how to get it. He

taught them how to relieve a lady of her pocketbook; how to get a gold watch out of a man's pocket without his knowing it, and in general the art of thieving (if it may be called an art).

After awhile they had regular plans which they worked by. One fellow would snatch a watch or a pocketbook and run. The owner would pursue him and the thief would go around a corner of some building and pass the watch to another member of the gang. Then the first fellow would try to get away, but if he couldn't no harm was done, as he didn't have the object about him when he was searched and so they could not arrest him.

After awhile they planned more daring stunts, and got away with them fairly well. They had cleaned out about ten stores, one for about \$10,000, the rest all the way down to \$50.

Then had come their great event, the national bank in—let's call it Sharon. It was all carefully planned out, so they thought. They had not figured that the night watchman in the building across the street would do anything.

The gang this night consisted of three members, Phil, Joe and Mick. Phil was to act as lookout, while the others blew the safe with nitro-glycerine. The hole was drilled all right, the liquid poured in and everything covered with the carpets and mats from the office floor.

Joe hit the side of the safe with a small hammer and it shot, causing only a deep rumbling sound.

Phil, who was stationed outside, saw that all was well for the big haul, because it was the day before pay day, and the safe was known to contain thousands of dollars more than on ordinary days.

There was a flash from across the street and the plate glass window by Phil's head was drilled through by a

bullet of large calibre. This was followed by other shots, one of which grazed Phil's head and knocked him unconscious.

The next thing he remembered was that he was in the county jail. He was informed that his companions had got away with the money and most of the town was out searching the woods for them. Phil smiled when he heard that because he knew that his friends were probably among the searching party.

Next was his trial. He had been offered a very light sentence if he would tell who his companions were, but he remembered that every member of the gang had given his word that he would not tell on the other fellows under any conditions.

Then he thought of Mick and Joe with \$80,000 between them. Why, if he had his share of that haul, he could retire from the "profession" and lead a straight life. But what was the use now, with ten years taken right out of the prime of his life? It was discouraging, but then, he had given his word and his word must hold, no matter what happened. He had played the game and lost.

"Well, kid," said the police official when he was taking him over to his home for the next decade, "The straight and narrow is the best in the long run."

HELPING (?) THE EDITORS

"We need more material for the next number of the paper—stories and poems. Do not be afraid to try because you have never done anything of the sort. You will be surprised to find how easy it is, etc."—Editors of Archon.

Billy Bluesocks (talking to himself), "Yes, I think I'll give it a try. I can do it all right. Story or poetry—both are easy. Toss a penny—Heads? I'll make it a poem. Here goes:—

"It was in the morning early
 "Her hair was long and curly
 "And her chubby fingers held a baby
 doll—

Hum! hum! Doll—what rhymes
 with doll? Poll? Nothing doing!
 Begin again:

"It was in the morning early
 "And her hair was long and curly
 "When I first set eyes on Mary Ann.
 "But now my heart is bustud
 "I am beaten to a custud
 "She's eloped with father's hired
 man."

Stuck again—can't ever get a son-
 net out of it by adding a line! Oh
 punk! Once more now:—

"Shall I tell you how much I adore
 her?

I could not, I could not tell half,
 How her brown eyes shine as they
 gaze into mine
 My beautiful Alderney calf."

I wonder if anyone will think that
 funny?

I read somewhere that no one can
 write things he knows nothing about.
 May be so, but this stuff shows how
 hard people try to do it. I never was
 in love or owned a calf. Prose is
 better. I can *do* a story easy. I'll
 just outline the plot and fill in—

"The sun was just rising o'er the
 rim of the east, as I stole out of the
 back door with my rod for a day
 with the trout, etc.—

That's all right. Now I must
 work in the usual things—"Robin on
 lofty branch, rabbit hopping across
 path, sparkling dew drops, mist just
 rising from mirror-like pool, broken
 only by splash of occasional trout
 rising, etc."

I suppose I might just as well
 say nothing about—no breakfast—
 falling off log into brook—skeeters
 and black flies and the hook in my
 thumb. And no *fish* (I certainly
 will leave that out); also what folks
 said when Tommy Casey got five big
 ones next day, and at the same pool
 —aw, forget it! (Business of tear-

ing up paper, sharpening pencil, etc.)

Well, anyway, I can write a foot-
 ball story, anyone can.

PLOT.

Poor boy—warts, freckles, comes
 to big prep school. No friends; cap-
 ital fifty cents and a merry smile.
 Nobody cares, but he keeps plugging
 away and whistling. Tries football,
 coach tells him he is "no use"—still
 sticks—big game—captain hurt—
 five minutes to play—boy goes in,
 picks up fumble, runs fifty yards for
 a touchdown, wins game—slips quiet-
 ly away, but will never forget beau-
 tiful blond in grandstand who tosses
 flowers to him with dazzling smile,
 etc., etc.!"

"Well, that will work out, with a
 few details and a title. Call it "The
 Substitute." Sounds well, but where
 have I heard that before? Confound
 it! Here's the whole thing in the
 last number of "*The Boy*." I am
 surely a star at this thing. Wonder
 if all my ideas are borrowed? I'll
 try a murder or something of that
 sort:—

"Dark, rainy night (It's always
 wet and windy). Telegraph opera-
 tor (who is also express agent and
 baggage master). Alone in remote
 railroad station—time 1.30 A. M.—
 dozing in chair. Telegraph instru-
 ment begins to buzz and clatter—
 mere jumble—from nowhere. Sud-
 denly out of it comes message,
 'Watch the box.' More jumble; then,
 'Watch the box', again. Agent won-
 ders if he is dreaming, makes rounds,
 all quiet. (Same business again).

Only box in express office a long,
 pine affair containing body of un-
 known man. There is one valuable
 package in safe belonging to big man-
 ufacturer. Operator pulls gun from
 drawer. Gets in dark corner, waits.
 Faint sound from box, lid slowly
 lifted, man's hand appears. Agent
 throws trunk on box, threatens to
 shoot, and starts nailing box tight.

As he gets fourth nail in place accomplice wings him from window. Returns fire, hears a muttered curse. He shouts to chap in box to lie still or be plugged where he lies—faints. Found by conductor of 2 A. M. train.

* * * * *

"Gets \$1,000 from Express Company; \$1,000 reward for catching noted burglar, 'Frisco Red'—President of Manufacturing Company calls to offer him fine place in his employ, bringing beautiful daughter, and she is the beautiful girl that flung him a rose when he substituted, won the game years ago—Mutual recognition and admiration and great happiness."

Aw, go on! Write your own stories. I give it up. S.

ADVICE TO THE SENTIMENTAL

[*Editor's Note*:—Owing to so many letters of inquiry, it has been impossible to answer every one in this issue.]

Dear Editor:

I have an idea that I am in love with a young lady from a nearby city. I have asked advice from several people of experience and now come to you as the last resort, as every one has advised me to do something different. I am fairly stout, exceedingly good looking and very jolly. I have been reading several good joke books and have a list of jokes I am going to spring on her. This is my first attempt at making love. Do you think I have a chance to win her hand and keep it till I can marry her? Please reply at once through your column, as I want to get ahead of another fellow. Thanking you in advance, I am from

Dover, N. H.

To Dover:

Your qualifications are good and you should win success even though

this is your first attempt at making love. Being jolly is an important factor and your plan about learning the jokes is a good idea. But don't be in a hurry about reaching out for her hand. If you don't succeed at first, try, try again, as there are several other young ladies in this world.

* * * * *

Editor:

I am a very busy young man and only by a great sacrifice of time have I been able to write you for some advice. Most of my time is taken up by writing letters, but I wish to give a little of my time to a young lady in a neighboring city. I met her at our first dance and have asked her to come to all the rest. I heard that another young fellow is trying to cut me out and I wish to ask you if I should secure her promise IN WRITING to come to the dances with me?

Amsterdamite.

To Amsterdamite:

This is my advice—why not??

* * * * *

Editor on Advice:

I have considered several times writing to you and have finally made up my mind to do so. I am in love with one girl many hundred miles from here, but I have met one whom I took to one of our dances. I loved her sincerely and thought she loved me, but am at a loss to know definitely what to do. She made me sit out one dance but accepted an offer to dance from another fellow. Would you advise me to elope with my distant friend? I am very anxious to know—still

A Georgian.

To old Georgia:

You are in bad, so as to speak, but don't feel downhearted. By all means don't elope, but if you really want your name in this paper, write us a good story or crack a bum joke and we'll look out for the rest.



The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of
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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

The "ARCHON" extends the best wishes for a prosperous year to all of its readers.

Fellows, we have now entered upon a new year, 1915, probably one of many resolutions, but let it be one of results. One-half of our school year has passed by. Are you proud of it? Well if you cannot say so faithfully, you have another half before you and remember—perseverance wins in the end.

The athletic meet held late last November proved to be a success. Along with it was the competition which apparently has been lacking in some sports. Much credit is due our cross-country team, as well as to the valuable coaching of "Nat" Goodwin and the timely assistance of "Dave" Caldwell, the intercollegiate champion half-miler. The team, although not a winner, trained faithfully and the much-needed spirit was brought to the foreground.

Several of our recent graduates have visited us and it seems like bringing together a part of our large family. It is hoped that many more will visit us, even if only long enough to shake hands all around.

The prospects for a good basketball team are very bright. The Athletic Association voted not to have a hockey team this year, but to put all their energy into having a winning basketball team. An interesting schedule is being arranged by Manager Young. We are very sorry indeed to hear that Haverhill is not going to have a basketball team this winter. Last year we defeated them 30-21 in an interesting contest.



ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the monthly meeting of the D. A. A. A., held Wednesday, December 2, 1914, Pres. Havlin spoke on the plan of having the Athletic Association run entirely by the boys. This had been previously discussed by the Executive Committee, but no decision was then reached. The strengthening the value of letters was quite an interesting debate and matters have been so arranged that in order for a boy to obtain a "D" he will be compelled to live up to the strict rules and regulations. The rule for the distinction between the "D's" was brought up, but without argument, and the same was easily settled.

One of the most interesting subjects was that of hockey and basket ball. This was brought up, talked over, and settled by a vote of the active members, as to whether or not they were willing to support a hockey and basket ball team; it was decided that they would prefer to have the latter. So "Dummer" will not be represented on the ice this year.

Mr. Ramsden, coach of the basket ball team, and Young, the manager, spoke on the coming season and the prospects of a good team.

A Committee was appointed for the entertainment course to be given for the benefit of the A. A. The following were elected:—Havlin, Young, Skeelee, Goodwin.

To have and to support four teams means that we must first be in a position to give them financial backing, and to do this we need the help of every boy in school, and of all the old boys who may read this and feel

minded to sustain a high athletic standard at Dummer.

In our next issue the Treasurer of the association will present an itemized account of receipts and expenses to date, on account of the several teams.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

On November 6th we met Haverhill's team on the gridiron for our last game. The weather was ideal for a football game. Captain Woodward lost the toss of the coin and our opponents chose to defend the northern goal and receive the kickoff. On the kickoff Fuller of Haverhill received the kick and ran ten yards, but then they lost the ball on downs. After making a little gain our team fumbled the ball and April, their left half, grabbed the ball and started off like a flash and as he had a clear field he made a touchdown. The attempt at the goal was a failure. Dummer received the kickoff and started well, but on a mean fumble they received the ball and after a few minutes of play Cammet circled left end for a touchdown. This attempt for a goal was also a failure. This period the score was 12 to 0 in favor of Haverhill.

The next period our team started off stronger. After working the ball close to Haverhill's goal line, Cummings sent Williams over for a touchdown. We did not succeed at kicking a goal. They received the kickoff and after hard plunging they sent Annis, who was shifted from right guard to full back, over for a touchdown. The goal was missed. After a few minutes of playing Beaver, on a forward pass, made the second touchdown for Dummer. The

goal was kicked by Woodward, making the score at the end of the half 18 to 13, in favor of Haverhill.

The next half our team started off with a rush, and after working our way up to the 18-yard line, Ferguson made an end run and went over for a touchdown. The goal was missed.

Soon afterwards, however, April made a run of 40 yards around right end for a touchdown. The goal was missed. To make up for this, Williams made a brilliant end run of 35 yards for a touchdown, this making Dummer's 4th touchdown. Our next scoring came when Ferguson, once again, made an end run of 25 yards, being tackled just as he reached the line. The goal was missed. Oliver Woodward, our Captain, made our last touchdown of the game and of the season, on a plunge through the line. The goal was missed.

This was the last game of the season and on account of the team's creditable showing in winning 4 games, tying one and losing one, a banquet was given in honor of the players and the coach, Mr. Farrell, who, by his fine coaching brought forth this good result. The following men received D's seconds, as they were in the upper school: Woodward, Williams, Ferguson, Saunders, Varney, Cummings, Beaver, Pino-Suarez, Lowman, Francis and Baker. Those who received D's juniors were Mead, Priest, Smith and Whitman. The line-up of the last game was as follows:

DUMMER	HAVERHILL
Lowman, le.....re,	Rosengard
Beaver, lt.....rt,	Goodwin
Baker, lg.....rg,	Annis
Francis, c.....c,	Ryan
Varney, rg.....lg,	Cammet
Pino-Suarez, rt.....lt,	Moulton
Ferguson, re.....le,	Shepard
Cummings, qb.....qb,	Sanborn
Saunders, lh.....rh,	April

Williams, rh.....lh, Fuller
Woodward, Capt., fb...fb, Merrow

Touchdowns: April 2, Cammet 1, Annis 1, Williams 2, Ferguson 2, Beaver 1, Woodward 1. Time: four 8-min. periods. Referee: Small. Umpire, Hussey. Timer, Havlin. Linesmen, Kramer and Rowe.

TRACK

Amesbury High School 20;

Dummer 35

The first cross-country race was held with Amesbury High, over our course, which is nearly three miles. The race was very exciting. From the sound of the gun until the finish both teams were running neck to neck. A fast pace was led by the Amesbury team. At the first mile mark, three Dummer men headed the pack, Kramer being the leader and Young and Havlin following close behind, with four Amesbury men close by. At the two mile mark two of our opponents took the lead, and from there on until about a quarter of a mile from the finish the race became very exciting. Kramer, pulling up from sixth place, ran Moran, the Amesbury captain, to a standstill. Captain Kramer lost by inches. The men finished as follows:

AMESBURY	DUMMER
Moran, 1st.....	2nd, Kramer
N. Chase, 3rd.....	6th, Rowe
Meehan, 4th.....	8th, Young
Yeaton, 5th.....	9th, Tapley
K. Chase, 7th.....	10th, Hussey

The least number of points winning the meet, with the first five men on each side to qualify.

Newburyport High School 21;

Dummer 34

The Newburyport High School won the second cross-country race, which was held on our course.

Captain Kramer finished first with

a good 15 yards ahead of the nearest Newburyport man, covering the distance in 15 minutes and 5 2-5 seconds. He thus broke the former record made by Moran of Amesbury, who stepped the distance in 15 minutes and 45 1-5 seconds. Newburyport entered twelve men, several of whom did not finish on account of the pace. Dummer entered seven men and all finished in great style, showing that they were in excellent condition.

Coach Goodwin did not allow William Drake, one of his best men, to take part, on account of his bad ankle.

The men finished as follows:

NEWBURYPORT	DUMMER
Capt. Whitley, 2nd.....	1st Kramer Capt. 6th, Rowe
Dondero, 3rd.....	8th, Tapley
Casey, 4th.....	9th, Young
Cullen, 5th.....	10th, Havlin
Carrier, 7th.....	11th, Skeele

Our prospect for a fast relay team is very good. After the Christmas holidays we shall begin to train for the coming B. A. A. and Huntington meets. From our last year's team we have Kramer and Tapley. There are about eight men trying out for the team, from whom we hope to make up a strong relay. Of course we feel the loss of John Yesair, Harold Coleman and Perry Miller, who graduated last year.

ALL ROUND ATHLETIC MEET

To arouse interest in track work and to uncover some unknown athlete, an all-round track meet was held at the end of the football season. There were twenty track and field events of a nature that every boy in school would have an opportunity to take part in. The committee in

charge divided the entire school into three divisions. Senior, Intermediate and Junior. The first four places in each event counted 5, 3, 2, 1 in order. Through the kindness of Mr. Goodwin, the coach of the track team, Mr. Bentley and Mr. Farrell, cups were offered to the winners in each division. The competition among the seniors was not as keen as among the boys of the other two divisions. Captain Kramer, of the track, carried away the prize offered to the Seniors. He scored 65 1-2 points, the largest total for the meet. Rowe and Young were tied for second place with 41 1-2 points each. Williams won first place in the intermediate division with 64 points to his credit, Woodward was second man with 46 points, Ferguson third with 34 1-2 points. The junior cup was awarded to Malcolm Smith, whose total was 50 3-4 points. Cummings finished second with 46 points and Mead third with 38 3-4 points.

BASKET BALL

On December 3rd, the first call for basket ball candidates was issued and thirty men reported.

The squad was divided into four teams, which are to play daily for two weeks, the winning team receiving a trophy and the men showing up the best to be picked for the 'varsity team.

Thus far great material has been shown and the rivalry is so keen that the teams are tied and every moment of play is spiritedly contested.

The squad is coached by Mr. Ramsden, who has been with us for three years and turned out two fast teams. We have many leading teams in the state on our schedule, and it is hoped to make as good a showing as last season.



HOME LIFE.

The Hallowe'en dance with which we started our program of dances was naturally held on October 31st, Hallowe'en night, and proved a great success. The committee, which was composed of "Gunboat" Rowe and "Brud" Holden, deserves high praise for the very good time it gave us. Mrs. Ingham was as usual one of the matrons; there were also Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Lamson.

It was quite evident to anyone who took the trouble to glance at the programs, that this dance was also noteworthy because of the complete and official entry into the Dummer gymnasium of the one-step and its fellow "new dances." It seems that there was only one two-step left, the other places being filled with various forms of uncertainty and lameness.

Another innovation was the scheme of dispensing with overhead decoration and putting the money into better music and punch.

Good luck to the Senior class. It has successfully started on the last lap of its preparation for college. In October the organizing meeting was held. Mr. Havlin, as president of the class last year, presided at his election, for he was unanimously elected president. Small was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The Senior class this year is almost of the same size as that of last year and comprises, Arthur Havlin, Sebastian Small, Marston Young, Fred Tapley, Trueman Towne, Evard Dodge, and John Skeele.

One of the reasons that the class was organized so promptly this year was that it had done so last year as Junior class. In view of this fact, it has been suggested that the influential men in the Junior class start things along similar lines.

The entertainment course, which is run for the benefit of the school athletics, and which was such a success last year, will be held again this year. Mr. Bentley, in whose charge the work was last year, has taken it in hand and everything looks as though the course would be still more of a success this year than it was last. Letters and course tickets have been sent to over three hundred of the alumni, and a number have already responded. The entertainments, which are in the Dummer gymnasium, are as follows:

January 8. Moving Pictures and music.

January 29. Readings from Kipling by Judge Alden P. White and music.

February 18. Minstrel show and Vaudeville by men and boys of Dummer.

March 4. Sleight of Hand and Card Illusions by Mr. Ernest Farrin. And stories and impersonations by Miss Louise Thorton.

All honor to our second team! That was the burden of all the speeches delivered at the Football Banquet, which was held in the dining room of the Commons on Tuesday evening, the 24th of November. The

place was decorated with Dummer banners and other red and white trimmings. After we had all eaten a hearty and excellent dinner Dr. Ingham, as toastmaster, spoke briefly about the disappointment we had undergone concerning the first team. He said that although the fellows and Coach Ramsden had worked hard, the material had been poor, for the men were light and mostly inexperienced. This fact, he said, rather than any lack of good will, had been responsible for the failure and subsequent disbanding of the team. He then spoke highly of the fine way that the second team had come to the rescue and put us on the football map again.

Dr. Ingham then called on Coach Farrell, who praised the spirit that all the fellows had shown. Their willingness to come out every day and work hard was, he said, the chief factor in their success. After outlining the record made by the team, he presented the letters to the following: D 2nd to—Captain Woodward, Williams, Saunders, Cummings, Ferguson, Lowman, Pino-Suarez, Beaver, Varney, Baker and Francis; D Jr. to—H. Whitman, Malcolm-Smith, Mead and Priest. Mr. Bentley, who was called on next, although he heartily seconded all Mr. Farrell's statements, had not decided whether to give Dr. Ingham his "quarter back" or not, when he was through. Captain Woodward was asked to speak, and although it was his first attempt and he was consequently a little excited, he said what he wanted to and sat down. Which fact is worthy of special note.

One of the features of the evening was the poem written by Mrs. Degen and read by Mr. Degen at the close of his speech. Mrs. Degen, who has been one of the team's most ardent supporters, was not able to attend the banquet owing to the accident she had, from which we are glad to say

she has recovered, but the poem certainly shows that she was with us in spirit. This is the poem:

THE SOUL OF THE TEAM.

It isn't the swiftest runner
Or the man who kicks a goal
But it's each in his part with a loyal
heart
That gives to the team a soul.
For some must fall in the scrimmage
To halt the hurrying host,
And one must stand at a stern com-
mand,
Unyielding at his post.

For one it's the mighty tackle
With a heart that's thumping loud;
And for one the renown of a touch-
down.
With cheers and shouts from the
crowd.
But it's all for the fame of Dummer
To win, if win he can
Or if lose he must, to be true to his
trust
To win or lose like a man.

Now a cheer for the man who
coached them
And a cheer for the men who played
And three times three for the school
that we
Will fight for undismayed.
They have written the name of Dum-
mer
Up high in the season's scroll,
For each did his part with a loyal
heart,
And the team, the *team*, has a *soul*.
E. M. D.

To the Second Team.

The delightful evening promised us in the advertisement at the foot of this department last month, unlike many good promises, came true. Wednesday evening, the 2nd of December, Miss Finch, of New Orleans, delivered her recital on Negro folk songs. She sang the songs and told the stories that the old negro of the slave days knew.



Young: "This is a heck of a library—when there ain't no books how are you going to reference?"

Mr. Degen: "Whether it is to do brick-laying well or to build a house well, or to—"

Student: "—to dig a well well."

Mr. Farrell: "Pino-Suarez, define euphony."

Pino: "Euphony is talking French through your nose and ears."

Holmes: "J'ai un cousin—I have a 'coosie'."

Mr. Degen discovers Coulter and Senior have written the same sentence and asks them to account for it.

Bill Senior: "Well, I had the next one after Dodge."

Dodge: "I wasn't here Saturday." (How about it, Bill?)

A very interesting football game was held one afternoon while Hildreth was waiting to make up spelling. He was easily the most conspicuous star of the game but several times was *thrown* for losses.

Small: "Sure, the company paid all their debts, but didn't have any superfluous." (meaning surplus).

Latin Student: "Instruite is the imperative, meaning dew drop" (do draw up).

Mr. Lacroix: "Now we have done one step in this proposition. What have we gained?"

Small: "One step."

Towne thought St. Patrick was a Frenchman.

Waiter (at every meal): "Pst—gangway!"

Skeele can't be expected to read mathematics in Eng. IV.

Holden: "They didn't have any Parliament or dope like that."

Maccabe is very much disappointed because the Chemistry laboratory will not be open to experimenters this year.

Teacher in charge: "Your pencil is sharp enough."

Maccabe: "It isn't sharp very well."

Mac comes into the room, "Bang, boom, toot-toot!"

Brick Towne: "Hey, hey youse, have a heart."

Flanders: "You hadn't ought to mind that; you live with Noyes."

Tapley (in Eng. IV): "Rome had two classes, Plebians and Patrickans."

"A rhombus is a square whose angles are not right angles" is what Ferguson claims.

Itchy Small got a shine in Haverhill one day and then walked all over his own feet getting down from the chair.

Dr. Ingham (Lat. III): "What gender is Catalinam?"

Ferguson (after much deliberation): "Neuter."

We are sorry to announce that Small's story didn't pass the Board of Censorship, but an extract will show why— " . . . his face seemed to reflect the leapings of the waves at play."

Itchy: "Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Holden: "Oh that's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

"Brick" says the appendix has been taken out of his book.

Mr. Lacroix advises us to leave our (pi) II for the very last thing.

Flanders had been holding the gravy about five minutes and pounding Ferguson who had just noticed it, and started to dish it out while Flanders still held it. Flanders in desperation hollered, "Hey, 'Cracker', take this gravy, I'm no shelf."

Drake: "Say, Yu, don't you want a towel?"

Yu: "No, I use the wall paper."

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED? ? ?

—How enjoyable it is to break training?

—How many people can't read their own writing?

—How easy it is to get some people's goat?

—How much everyone knows when there is an argument?

—How, when one looks at a group picture, he always says that it is mighty good of his friend but awful of himself?

—How the masters get fussed and say "Passes class?"

—How some people are the first to laugh at their own jokes?

Coulter (in Eng. III): "Handkerchief is formed from hand and kerchief and it means nose peace."

Student: "Say, Mr. Farrell, somebody from Newburyport said that they met a Mr. Jenkins the other day. How about it?"

Goodwin: "What (team) did you run for?"

Howard: "Because I had to."

Mr. Thomas (in Geom. I): "You were going to say equal to angle MXY, weren't you, Maccabe?"

Maccabe: "No sir, I wasn't. I guess I fooled you that time all right, didn't I?"

Hussey (translating Cicero): ". . . expended their vigilant labors at all night lunch carts."

It is hoped that Holden will not charge up that fall he got while watching the dancing class in the gym, to the Athletic Association.

Flanders evidently believes in taking life easy in study hall with that pillow of hers. Pretty soft, Fat.

Maccabe has just sent to press his new book entitled, "The Story of the Bee Hive, or How Holden got Stung."

Anybody: "It's pretty tough all right."

Itchy: "It's all of that."

Owing to lack of space we will be unable to run a column especially dedicated to "Itchy" Sebastian Small in this issue.

Mr. Degen: "I supposed most every person was brought up on such books as 'Robinson Crusoe'."

Tapley: "I was brought up on milk."

Dink Skeele: "Can I speak to Tapley?"

Mr. R.: "No."

Skeele: "G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t."

Mr. R.: "Don't say 'Good-Night' to me or it will be good-bye for you."

There was a young man named Gardella,

Who set up for a champion speller,
When he got 49

He said, "Gee, but that's fine.
I'll write to my mamma and tell her."

Mr. X: "Did you have anything to do with that rough-house?"

Young: "No, sir."

Mr. X: "Do you know anything about it?"

Young: "No, sir."

Mr. X: "All right, two demerits."

Itchy: "If I put a piece of butter on one end of a fork and hit the other end, what law of physics does it illustrate? Is it the lever?"

Mr. Ramsden: "Well, if you try it, you can leave-er-er the dining room."

Young (after dinner): "I've got to run three miles on a sweet potato."

Tapley claims that he had a graph in algebra the other day.

Heard in Eng. IV: "Such a nation has never been in concord!"

(Take notice, Sebastian!)

Mr. Farrell: "I wonder where young Gale is?"

Flanders: "Oh, out blowing around."

Maccabe claims he is lucky if he can carry home an extra pair of socks in a newspaper for Christmas vacation.

(Were you the one who couldn't get everything into that large trunk of yours?)

Mr. D—: "I expect to see you end up in jail or on the gallows, Varney."

Varney: "Why?"

Mr. D—: "Oh, because you murder the English so."

Some interesting literary information brought out in the recent exam. in English Literature:

"The Bible was translated into Greek by the Jews of Alexandria, for

the use of their children. It was called the *Sepricant*."

"*Tristram Shandy* was written by Jane Porter."

"The English drama reached its highest development in Chaucer's time."

"Venerable Bede wrote 'The Tale of a Tub'."

"The Rape of the Lock was some kind of prose. Don't know whether it was a novel or a play."

"Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the History of the World. This is the greatest historical work ever written in the English language."

In the English I class recently one of the class was selected to pose as an escaped criminal, and the rest of the class were told to write a description of him, which would make him easily recognized. Can any one guess, from some of the descriptions given below, who was chosen as the victim?

Lawrence: "The young man is about 5 feet, 6 inches tall. When last seen, his hair was very red and worn in the style of pompadour. His eyes are of hazel color, and he has a very prominent face. He wore a suit of greenish-brown mixture, and a blue flannel shirt, and green and blue necktie."

Chelsea: "Is quite a dangerous man. Has round shoulders, freckled face, red hair; stands five feet six, is quite slim, and very quick in his actions. When last seen he wore long pants of a mixed color, blue flannel shirt, green necktie, black shoes and socks."

Newton Centre: "The man is about 5 feet five, with red hair, green eyes, and is rather stockily built. He wore a light brown suit, a blue shirt, and a striped tie. His fingers are long and bony and his hands are hardened by outdoor work. He is generally in a good humor."

Rowley: "The man is five feet seven inches tall, and has red hair. His eyes are brown. He has a brown suit on an a blew shirt, with a green necktie. The shoes are number sevens, and are black."

Brooklyn: "A very red hair man, four feet six inches tall. Features white. Hair worn in a pompedore. Eyes blue. Size of shoe, seven and a half. Colored suit, green necktie, blue shirt."

Chang Sha: "Looking on his face, many small blown spots on his forehead. With the yellow hair, long face and blue eyes is the looking about his head. About five feet height and dressed in a kind of rude suit that looks regularly."

The great Track dance of Saturday, December 12th, proved to be quite an event, and fully justified the hopes of the committee. This dance was run by members of the track team and the proceeds went to the Athletic Association. The matrons were Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Bentley, Miss Noyes, and Mrs. Pearson. The following track men were on the committee which had charge of this new kind of dance: Coach Goodwin, Captain Kramer, Manager Tapley, Drake and Rowe. As the dance was in every sense a benefit dance, expensive decorations were done away with and ice cream was on sale. The account which the committee wished to make public is—

Programs	\$3.75
Music	7.00
Cars	3.00
Wax45
Ice Cream	2.50
Incidentals55

Total expenses,	\$17.25
Collected	\$31.00
	17.25
Profit for D. A. A. A.,	\$13.75

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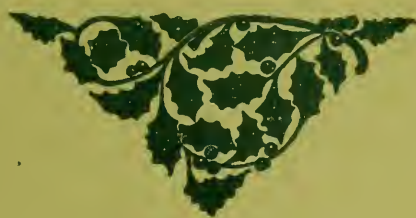
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